For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tamora. Giue me thy ponyard, you shal know my boyes
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.
Demet. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.
Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-liue vs both to sting.
Chiron. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure,
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.
Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.
Lauina. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Lauinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty. (bastard
Chiron. What would st thou haue me proue my selfe a
Lauinia. Tis true, the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pitty, did indure
To haue his princely paws pard all away.

Some

Some say that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kinde but something pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamora. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora* be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was slaine when *Bussianus* dide.
Tamora. What begst thou then? fond woman let me goe?
Lauinia Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
No, let them satisfie their lust on thee.
Demet. Away, for thou hast staid vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—— (husband
Chiron. Nay then Ile stop your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.